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Johnson Air Base

JAPAN
1954

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ABDULLAH BULBUL AMIR

The sons of the Prophét are valiant and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
And the bravest of all was a man, so I'm told,
Called Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or harass the foe from the rear;
Storm fort or redoubt, they were sure to call out,
For Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

There are heroes in plenty, and well known to fame,
In the legions that fight for the Czar;
But none of such fame as the many by the name,
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes by cards,
And play on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite guards,
Was Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun,
Put on his most cynical sneer;
And was walking downtown when he happened to run,
Into Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

Young man," Said Bulbul, "Is existence so dull,
That you're anxious to end your career;
Then, infiuel, know you have trod on the toe,
of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

So take your last lood at the sea, sky, and brook,
Make your latest report on the war;
For I mean to imply you are going to die,
O Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

So this fierce man he took his trusty chibouk,
And murmurings, "Allah Akbar."
With murder intent he most savagely went
For Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

The Sultan rose up, the disturbance to quell,
Likewise, give the victor a cheer,
He arrived just in time to bid hasty farewell,
To Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

A loud-sounding splash from the Danube was heard,
Resounding o'er the meadows afar;
It came from the sack fitting close to the back,
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

There lieth a stone where the Danube doth roll,
And on it in characters queer;
Are "Stranger, when passing by, pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

A Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep,
By the light of the pale northern star,
And the name she repeats every night in her sleep,
Is Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

ACE IN THE HOLE

This town is full of guys,
Who think they're mighty wise,
Just because they know a thing or two;
You can see them night and day,
Strolling up and down Broadway,
Telling of the wonders they can do,
Con-men and crap-shooters,
Congregate around the metropole,
Wearing flashy ties and collars.
Where do they get those dollars?
They all have an ace down in the hole.
Some of them write to the old folks for coin
That's their old ace in the hole.
Others have girls on the old tenderloin,
That's their old ace in the hole.
They'll tell you of trips,
That they are going to make.
From 'Frisco to the old North Pole.
But their names would be mud,
Like a chump playing stud,
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

AIR FORCE 801
(Written: Captain Duke)

Calling Johnny Tower, This is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg,
My turbine's over-run.
My Tailpipes overheated, the sage says S21,
You better call the crash crew and get them on
the run.

Air Force 801, this is Johnny Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew for this is coffee
hour.
Your not cleared in the pattern,
Now that is plain you see,
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Calling Johnny Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your
biscuit gun,
My engines running rough, and the plenums gonna
Blow.

I'm going to buy a Starfire, so look out down below.

Calling Johnny Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the final, and turning one one lung,
I'm going to land this Starfire, no matter what
you say,
I'm going to get my charts fixed up before that
judgement day.

Air Force 801, this is judgement day,
Your in pilot's heaven and you are here to stay.
You just bought a Starfire, and you gought it well,
The famous Air Force 801 was just sent straight to
hell.

AIR FORCE HYMN

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sun,
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys give her the gun.
Down we dive spouting our flames from under
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame or go down in flame
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who love
the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send a message to his brother men
who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
And down we roar to score the rainbos's pt. of gold;
Here's a toast to the host of the men we boast,
the U.S. Air Force.

AIR FORCE LAMENT
(Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the
fighting sky,
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for
nothing but to fly.
But now those hearts are grounded and those days
are long gone by,
Oh! The Air Force's gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, regulations
Glory, glory, regulations
Have them read at every station,
And crucify the man who breaks one.

12 Hitler had said to his parading crowd, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
Oh! The Air Force's gone to hell.
I have seen them in their T-bolts, when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame,
Their spirits shot to hell.

CHORUS:

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak,
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play pingpongs in the operations shack.
Their technique's gone to hell.
Yes, the lordly Flying Fortress and the Liberator, too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we cannot fly for hell.

CHORUS:

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your 51 was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with its moaning, groaning squeal,
And it will not climb for hell.

How Arnold built a big air force that's still a
fighting force,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men
were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may
do wrong.
Oh! The Air Force's gone to hell.

CHORUS:

AFTER THE MISSIONS OVER
(After the Ball is Over)

After the missions's over, after we all got back,
We get interrogated, how did you dodge the flak?
How were the Commy fighters? What time was Tally-Ho?
Have you any new bitches? If not, then you may go.
We like this locomotive, we think it handles swell,
We like to fly this weather, we're all as nuts as hell.
We like this bomber pattern, but the peel off's a
safer way,
Level your wings on the crosswind, or you'll hear
the Colonel say,
-----broke the regulations, -----used poor technique
-----you had your head up, we'll have a short critique.
Who didn't complete their mission? ----- you will
report,
Why, with only one wing off you had to abort.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, Gentille Alouette, Alouette, Je Te
Plumerai,
Jo te plumerai la tete, jo te plumerai la tete.
A la tete, A la tete
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, oh, oh, oh, alouette jo te alouette
Alouette jo te plumerai
Jo te plumerai R & R

Rum & Coke.

Geisha Gal.

Hot-a-bath.

Stateside Bed.

Clean White Sheets.

Hit the Pad.

Twenty Times.

Aching Back.

Matinee.

It's a Lie.

A MAN AND AIRCRAFT
(Sexual Life of a Camel)

Oh, the "F" Jet's a very fine aircraft,
Constructed of rivets and tin
It cruises well over three fifty,
The ship with the headwind built in..

CHORUS: Oh, why did I join the Air Force.
Mother, dear mother knew best.
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage
A "F" jet all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission,
You will be happy to learn,
The crew chief is betting good money,
Ten to one you will never return.

CHORUS:

Now when you are out on a mission,
A Mig 15 makes a fine pass;
Reach down down, pull up the red handles
To hell with the ship, save your ass.

CHORUS:

Oh, the Mitchell's a very fine airplane,
Constructed of paper and wood,
It's alright for ferrying whiskey,
But for combat it's no goddam good.

CHORUS:

Oh, the 84 jet is a very fine aircraft,
A stratosphere bath tub no less.
They never hit the target,
But for ten miles around, what a mess

CHORUS:

The superfort's a very fine aircraft,
They call it the queen of the pack.
A.V.D. F. C. for each mission,
And a cluster for those who get back.

CHORUS:

Oh, the Invader's a very fine aircraft,
Gadgets upon it galore,
You just barely got the bitch airborne,
And you're called back to pick up two more.

CHORUS:

BILL HALL'S GOAT

There was a man by the name of Bill Hall.
He had a goat and that was all,
One day that goat was feeling fine,
Ate six red shirts right off the line.
First Billy cussed and then he swore,
This doggone goat won't live no more.
He grasped him by his wooly back,
And tied him to the railroad track.
The whistle blew, the train grew nigh,
This poor old goat was doomed to die.
He gave six shrieks of mortal pain,
Coughed up the shirts and flagged the train.

BLESS THEM ALL

Bless them all, Bless them all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball.
Bless the instructors, who taught me to fly,
Sent me up solo and left me to die.
So, if ever your blow jet should stall,
You're due for one hell of a fall,
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots,
So cheer up my lads, bless them all.

Bless them all, Bless them all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants the sour puss ones,
Bless all the corporals, and their dopey sons,
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all.
The long and the short and the tall,
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here, bless them all.

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

There was a young pilot into Sidney did stroll,
He was just back from a raid on Bloody Rabaul.
When an old M.P. sergeant said, "Pardon me please,
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knee."

"Now listen here sergeant, you bloody damn fool,
I've just come back from a raid on Bloody Rabaul.
Where ack-ack was flying and comforts were few,
And brave men were dying for bastards like you.
And brave men were dying for bastards like you."

The old N.P. sergeant said, "Balden o' da.
On you Lieutenant I intended no stir,
But the girls here in Sidney are hard to please,
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee."

"Now listen hear sergeant, you bloody damn fool,
The girls here all know I'm just back from Rabaul.
They'll love you and kiss you for after they see,
Blood on a man's tunic and mud on his knee.
Blood on a man's tunic and mud on his knee."

Now this young pilot picked up a girl,
He wined her and dined her and gave her a whirl.
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes,
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes.
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes.

Now this young pilot writes this advice,
Rabaul it was rough, but Sidney was nice.
With women understanding, and easy to please,
If you had blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.
If you had blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.

BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZING

Why did I join the Air Force,
Mother dear mother knew best,
I'm here on the end of the runway,
My thunderjet wrapped round my chest.

Take the dive brake out of my kidney,
Take the buckets out of my brain,
Take the nozzle out of my stomach,
And assemble my Thunderjet again.

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing.
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozing.
Down in the banger they sing and they shout,
They talk about things they know nothing
about.
We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing.

THE CANDLER'S BOY
(The Thing)

Oh, they boy went into the candler's shop
Some candles for to buy.
He hunted all over the candler's shop,
The candler to espy.
He hunted, he hollered, he screamed, he bawled,
Enough to wake the dead,
When he suddenly heard a (Tap, tap, tap) right above
his head.
Yes, he suddenly heard a (Tap, tap, tap) right above
his head.

Now this little boy was very sly,
He started to climb the stairs,
He climbed them oh, so stealthily,
So as not to disturb the heirs.
And there on the bed lay the candler's boy
Between a lady's thighs,
And they were having a (Tap, tap, tap) right before
his eyes.
Yes, they were have a (Tap, tap, tap) right before
his eyes.

CIGARETTES, SAKI, AND WILD WILD JOSANS
"Cigarettes and Wild Wild Woman"

Once I was happy and had a dear wife,
I had enough yen to last me for life.

I met me a josan we went on a spree,

CHORUS:

Cigarettes and saki and wild, wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.
Cigarettes and saki and wild, wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

I went to Asamushi, a bath for to take,
I met me a josan who was on the make.
The bath it was hot and the josan was too,
If you go to Asamushi, my boys you are through.

CHORUS:

I went to my room some sleep for to get,
She said, "No sleep boy, with me there's no sweat!"
I woke the next morning at quarter past ten,
She says, "Hey Yankse, that's four thousand yen."

CHORUS:

I'm back in Misawa where we sing and shout,
Me and the Doc are asweatin' it out,
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf,
Then poured out a dozen or two for himself.

CHORUS:

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE
(You'll Never Mind)

Come on and join the Air Force,
It's quite the branch they say
You never have to work at all,
Just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard,
And soon grow old and blind,
You'll hit the air without a care,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, You'll never mind.
Come on and join the Air Force, and
you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted,
As high as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train,
When you're an Air Force flyer.
But when you're just about to be,
A general you will find,
Your engine will cough,
Your wings will come off.
But you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You're flying over the ocean,
You hear your engine spit,
You watch the prop come to a stop.
The goddam engine's quit.
The ship won't float,
And you can't swim,
The shore is far behind,
Oh! What a dish for the crabs and fish,
But you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Always gonna be a bummer,
He'll be your wife in flames,
Don't waste your time belly-achin',
And call the bastard names.
Just shove your stick into the ground,
And soon you will find,
That all is well and there ain't no Hell,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You take her up and spin her,
And with an awful tear.
You'll find yourself without your wings,
Oh! You will never care.
For in about two minutes,
You'll dance with Pete and the angels sweet,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

CRIMSON SONG

We are the finest, we are the best,
Give us a target, we'll do the rest.
We will bomb and strafe them all up North,
Blow up that orphanage, napalm that school.,
Strafe every church yard, that is our rule.
Fearless worrier's one and all,
Our motto is - play it cool.
Mig's are a problem north of K-2,
Don't worry we know just what to do.
Beer and scotch and gin and rye,
Solve every problem when we fly.
We drink J P and chase it with gin,
Play it by ear and eye ball 'em in.
The ---- is on top,
So that's where our song will stop:
"God Bless"

DOODLE LEE DO

Do it to me what you did to Marie,
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
I know it was swell, cause I heard Marie yell,
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
It's the easiest thing, there isn't much to it,
All you got to do is Doodle Lee Do it.
Do it to me what you did to Marie,
On the sofa last Saturday night.

Do it some more what you did to Lenore,
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
First you caressed her, then you undressed her,
Saturday night, Saturday night.
It's the easiest thing, there isn't much to it,
All you got to do is Doodle Lee do it.
Do it some more what you did to Lenore,
On the sofa last Saturday night.

Sweet Sally Jones went out with a show,
Called Doodle Lee Do, Doodle Lee Do,
She made a hit by doing her bit,
Called Doodle Lee Do, Doodle Lee Do.
Twenty a week was all there was to it,
All she had to do was Doodle Lee Do it.
She bought a Rolls Royce but not with her voice,
She had to Doodle Lee Do it.

HELLHAWK
(Hellhawks' Band)

Oh, my name is Able one, I'm the leader of the group,
Just step into my briefing room; I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tell you where the Luftwaffe is and how to dodge the flak,
I'll be the last one to take off, the first one to get back.

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, now don't delay,
Oh, my name is Able one, and I'm the leader of the group.
I'm the leader of the group with all the poop.

Now we'll all lineup and take off and we'll set our course at ten,
And when we reach the channel we will all turn back again.
We'll call the tower and get a steer; we don't know where we've been,
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

CHORUS:

Oh, we fly those red-tailed jugs at a hundred bloody feet,
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet.
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north,
And we make our bloody land fall at the Furth of Bloody Forth.

CHORUS:

Oh, we fly those red-tailed jugs at a hundred
bloody fast,
We fly them in the rain and fog, and in the
bloody sleet.
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying
bloody low,
And we hit the marker bea-con such an awful bloody
blow.

CHORUS:

FALSIES
(Coffee in Brazil)

There's nothing that looks better than a girl
that wears a sweater,
Though she may not be all that she appears,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasiers.

Their pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russels,
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beer,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasiers.

So Round, so firm, so full packed,
But look out Jack, it may be just an act.
Give a girl a bigger bra and she will grow, grow,
grow.

So boy before you wed her, just investigate her
sweater,
Or you'll spand your honeymoon in shedding tears,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasiers.

THE FIGHTER-BOMBER'S HELL
(The Great Ship Titanic)

I was south of Kun-a-Ri,
Little bit east of the Yalu Sea,
I was out on a reccey just to see what I could
see.
When I saw a farmer man, with his pitchfork in
his hand,
It was sad when that Napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad,
It was sad when that napalm went down,
There were husbands, and wives, little
children lost their lives.
It was sad when that napalm went down.

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell.
The place is full of queers, navigators,
bombardiers,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states.
They are off on foreign shores, making mother's
out of whores,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh! the bomber pilots life is just a farce,
Oh! the bomber pilots life is just a farce.
The automatic pilots' on, reading novels in the
john,
Oh! the bomber pilots' life is just a farce.

Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare.
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged,
Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in -----.
Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in -----.
The place is full of brass, sitting round on
their fat ass.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in -----.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan.
They're all across the bay, being shot at
everyday,

Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh! it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice,
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice,
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the
population.

It's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club,
When a bomber jockey walks into our club.
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is
flub his dub,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT (Blues in the Night)

From Kumsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok,
Where ever the red trucks go,
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some
tough bouts,

But there is one thing I know,
The Red Balls will get you,
They're worrisome things, that lead you to sing,
Of flak in the night.

Hear the lads a calling, hear the boys a bawling,
Dentist...Oh Dentist, Oh Bromide, Oh Bromide, Oh

Snowflake.
Oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix,
I'm lost in the night.

Foggy, Foggy Dew

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live all alone,
And I work at the weavers trade.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time,
And in the winter too.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
As I lay fast asleep.
This pretty pretty maid came to my bedside,
And there she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
Alas what could I do?
So I took her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year passed but still a bachelor am I,
And I work at the weavers trade.
Comes a knocking at my door,
And a voice I've hear before,
'Twas the voice of the fair young maid,
She handed me a little one, she said what shall
I do?
So I took him into bed, and I covered up his head,
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, and I live with my son,
And we work at the weavers trade.
And every, every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the summer time, and the winter
too.
Of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

41st DIVISION
(Pepsi Cola Hits the Spot)

41st Division hits the spot.
A lot of Bird Colonels is all they've got.
If you're a Bird Colonel with nothing to do,
41st Division is the place for you.
Chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken..

FROM THE DESKS OF THE 20th AIR FORCE
(Wiffenpoof Song)

From the desks of the 20th Air Force,
Where Kaden's bombers fly.
Comes a tale of blood and guts and 29's.
Where the ARS assembles,
With their lifeboats raised on high,
And the magic of their rescues casts a spell.
Yes, the magic of their rescues,
At the time we need them most,
They are braggarts, they just sit around and boast.
While we fly our rusty F-94's,
While luck and likker last,
Till the rust streaks mar the cowlings of the best.
They are B-29's who have lost their way,
Rack, rack, rack.
They are oversized trucks who have gone astray,
Rack, rack, rack,
Gentlemen trucksters, off on a spree,
Flight engineers bear the brunt, you see,
Two other pilots and that makes three,
Rack, rack, rack.

FROM THIS ISLAND THEY SAY WE ARE LEAVING
(RED RIVER VALLEY)

From this island they say we are leaving,
Do not hasten to bid us adieu.
But remember this old Okinawa,
And the boys who soar into the Blue.

And remember this foggy revered island,
With those ledowns to 200 feet,
No, you can't make a landing at Naha,
For those GCA boys are asleep.

And remember the typhoon seasons,
With the wind and the rain in your way,
They would make us take off and scramble,
When the bombers were tied down to stay.

Now the B-29's get all the glory,
While all we do is fly "beat up" jets,
And the 4 engine jockey are heroes,
But them's are the breaks that we get.

From this island they say we are leaving,
We may leave here by boat or by plane,
But these rumors are hard to believe in,
We will probably leave here insane.

Now our quonsets we'll give to the Oki's,
So the natives can live here in class,
And our planes we will push in the ocean,
Sayonara, you bastards at last.

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY
(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A 26 went flying out, one dark and wintry day,
The man he testified, "There's ice along the way."
Ten thousand ought to clear it,
If you're contemplating suicide, why don't you
use a rope?
Hacksaw steer me home.

We lifted the gear over Honshu Bay,
The airfield was "socked in."
We knew that once we got out, we couldn't go back
in.
We found our target at Anju and in on a pass we
went,
We strafed and bombed and raised plain hell until
our weapons bent,
Snowflake, Bomide, somebody bring me home.
We'd used our gas, we were sunk in the tail,
Our tanks were running dry,
The use Magellan yelled, think you'll fail?
There's flak all over the sky,
If ever I get home again, never more I'll roam:
I'll lay my head upon her breast,
And you'll hear me softly moan.
Mama...mama...mama keep me home.

THE GREAT GRAY RAT

The moon shone bright on the barroom floor,
The place was closed for the night,
When out of his hole, came a great gray rat.
And sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the "likker" on the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat,
And to the empty room he roared,
"Bring on your god damned cat."

THE GREAT SHIP TITANIC

Oh they built the ship Titanic,
And when they had it thru,
The said here's a ship that the water won't go
thru.
But the water raised it's hand,
Said this ship will never land,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS: Oh! it was sad, Oh! it was sad,
It was sad when that great ship went down.
There were husbands and wives,
Little bitty children lost their lives.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh they sailed from Mingo land,
One dark and stormy night,
And the rich refused to mingle with the poor.
So they put them down below,
Where they'd be the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh they put the life boats out,
In the raging, burning seas,
And the band struck up with N'er my God to Thee.
Oh the Captain tried to wire,
But the wire was on fire,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(My Bonny)

Here's to the regular Air Force,
They have such a wonderful plan,
They call up the God damn reservest,
Whenever the S--- bites the fan.

CHORUS: Call out, call out, call out the
goddamn reserves, reserves.
Call out, call out, call out the
goddamn reserves.

They call up every old pilot,
They call up every young man,
The reservest they go to Korea,
The regulars stay in Japan.

CHORUS:

Here's to the regular Air Force,
With medals and badges galore,
If it weren't for the goddamn reservest,
Their Ass would be dragging the floor.

CHORUS:

In peacetime the regulars are happy,
In peacetime they're happy to serve,
But let them go into a fracas,
And they call out all the reserves.

CHORUS:

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
(My Bonny)

My father makes rum in the bath tub,
My mother makes two kinds of gin,
My sister makes love for a living,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the
money rolls in.

My brother is a poor missionary,
He saves little girls from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for \$5.00,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

My father he died in the bathtub,
My mother she died of her gin,
My sister, she married my brother,
My God, what a mess I am in.

CHORUS:

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain,
From flushing toilets while the train,
Is standing at the station: I love you.
As we go strolling through the park,
And goosing statuss in the dark,
If Sherman's horse can stand it, why can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing,
Put the wet spots on the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Ever since you met my daughter she's had trouble
passing water,
Wish that you had never come to town.

HOW MUCH IS THAT JO-SAN IN THE BEAN
(How Much is That Dogy in The Window)

I was ordered to duty in Korea
And left my true love far behind
It's been so long since I've seen a roundeye
That a new love I surely must find.

CHORUS: How much is that Josan in the beanbag
The one with the big brown eyes
How much is that Josan in the beanbag
I'd like to try that one for size.

I was sent to a night fighter squadron
And ex-transport pilot was I
The checkouts and gauge hops were skosh
Not a mission for weeks did I fly.

Then the first night the weather was lousy
T'was a night when no Saber would fly
They launched this poor old transport pilot
Far north of the bombline went I.

CHORUS:

I was cruising up north near the Yalu,
And the old E-1 wouldn't fire.
Then the R/O cried I've a contact,
To get home was my fondest desire.

I told my sad story to Satan,
They relieved me and vectored me home.
Then they called they were painting a bandit,
Heading south high and fast all alone.

CHORUS:

I was holding by course and my airspeed,
And trying to calm all my fears.
When I knew by those pretty red flashes,
That the bastard was buzzing my ears.

After many evasive maneuvers,
I got home without shedding my blood.
But I didn't quite get to the flightline,
Cause I burrowed that beast in the mud.

CHORUS:

Now I must take a trip to Itazuke,
And leave all my morals behind.
I'll spend seven night in the beanbag,
And each night a new jōsan I'll find..

CHORUS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS

If all little girls were like sheep in the
pasture,
And I were a ram I would make them run faster.

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your
leg over,
Oh roll your leg over the man in the
moon.

If all little girls were like cows in the stable,
And I were a bull I would show them I'm able.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like trees in the forest,
And I were a woodsman I'd split their -----.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like fish in a pool,
And I were a whale with a waterproof tool.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like fish in the river,
And I were a bass I'd tickle their liver.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like pretty white flowers,
And I were a bee I would buzz them for hours.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like fish in the ocean.
And I were a whale I would set them in motion.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like little white
rabbits,
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habbits.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like cute little chickens,
And I were a rooster I'd have "Easy Pickens."

CHORUS:

If all little girls would live on the farm,
And I were a farmer I'd do them some harm.

CHORUS:

I wish all little girls were like bells in a tower,
And I was a clapper I'd bang them for hours.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like cute little vixens,
And I were a fox I surely would fix em.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like bricks in a pile,
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like little white foxes,
And I were the grass I'd tickle their boxes.

CHORUS:

If all little girls were like Betty Grable,
And I were Harry James I'd show them I'm able.

IRISH WASHERMOMAN

Ok, McGinnia was dead and McCarthy didn't know it,
McCarthy is dead and McGinnis didn't know it,
McCarthy and McGinnis were lying in bed.
And neither knew the other was dead.
Whang...Whang.

The night of the wedding, the night of the fun,
The night of the wedding, it had to be done,
You did it you devil, you'd do it again,
The women enjoy it as much as the men.
Whang...Whang.

IT'S HARD FOR ME TO BE A BAD GIRL

It's hard for me to be a bad girl,
As it is for some to be good.
It's as hard for me to be a bad girl,
I really would if I could.

Now I'd like somebody to take me,
In the park for a hug and a kiss.
But how can I ever be a bad girl,
With a God-damned face like this...

THE JOHN BOB AIR BASE LAMENT
(On Top of Old Smokey)

He was flying o'er Johnny
One dark stormy nite,
Turned onto his final,
And flipped on his lights.

His altitude was low,
His air speed to high,
The runway all wet,
Control gave a cry.

CHORUS: Should have gone to Yokota.
Should have took it around.
But he pulled the gear handle,
And he plopped to the ground.

He slipped down the runway,
O'er the overrun too,
He bought a rice paddy,
And a 94 too.

CHORUS:

He got pilot error,
He couldn't care less,
From the Colonels and Generals,
My God what a mess.

Now after the board met,
He had nothing to do,
So he pulled duty off-icer
For a month or two.

They said he couldn't hack it,
He said I'll not stay,
Now he does all his flying,
Down Photo Flight way.

CHORUS:

JUST MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me an ole S-N-J,
I know the damned thing's here to stay
She'll ground loop and spin,
And she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me an Old S-N-J.

CHORUS: Just make me operations,
Oh to sit in some big easy chair
I am too young to die,
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-38,
With props that counter rotate,
She'll loop roll and spin,
But she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

Don't give me a P-39,
With an engine that's mounted behind,
She'll loop roll and spin,
But she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-39

CHORUS:

Don't give me an ole Thunder Jug,
She lands with a hell of a thud,
She'll loop roll and spin,
But she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me an ole Thunder Jug.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an ole B,
The ship that's built just for fun,
She'll split ess and spin
But she'll auger you in
Don't give me an ole B.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-80-A
The ailerons lock every day,
She'll loop, roll and spin,
And soon auger you in,
Don't give me an F-80-A.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-80-C,
I know you can ditch it at sea,
She'll loop, roll and spin,
And auger you in,
Don't give me an F-80-C.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-84,
That dirty ground loving whore,
She'll wheeze, whip and spin,
And auger you in,
Don't give me an F-84.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an 86-D
That hand control's too much for me,
It'll lock on just fine,
But I'm losing my mind,
Don't give me an 86-D.

CHORUS:

Just give me a new Shooting Star,
One that shuns man's hand by far.
She can loop, roll, and spin,
And won't auger you in,
Just give me a new Shooting Star.

CHORUS:

Just give me an F-94,
With a burner that lights with a roar,
If you must bust your ass,
Then do it first class,
Just give me an F-94.

CHORUS:

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after
nine,
And by the stroke of fortune, her room was next
to mine.
Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS: Oh, the keyhole in the door!
Oh, the keyhole in the door!
I took up my position by the keyhole
in the door.

She crossed over to the fireplace, her lovely
figure to warm,
With only a silken nighty to hide her gorgeous
form,
I prayed that she would take it off, just that
and nothing more,
By God, I saw her do it, through the keyhole in
the door.

CHORUS:

How many days a month, I went that keyhole door,
And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor.
So no one would ever see what I had seen before,
I hung her silken nighty o'er the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

That night I slept in clover, and other things besides,
And on that snow-white bosom, I had a wonderful time.
I awoke next morning early, my back it was so sore,
You'd think that I'd been, crawling through the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

Now, listen all you astronomers, who think you are so wise,
Who gaze into your telescopes, into the starry skies,
One thing I have to tell you, one thing and nothing more,
Your telescopes are "bug-a-roo-ed" to the keyhole in the door,
Your telescopes are "bug-a-roo-ed" to the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

LAST OF THE RESERVES
(Mr and Mrs Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea,
I can't forget Taejon,
For Syngman Rhee and Stalin,
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bombsite,
And got a hole or two,
But all I got was a lot of crap,
From you and you and you.

CHORUS: Oh, regulars held the desk jobs,
Reserves were called en masse
For the U. N. knew the Air Reserve,
Were the ones to save their ass.
Oh, I was called to risk my duff,
And save the U. N. too,
But all I got was a crock of stuff,
From you and you and you.

I love you dear old USA,
With all my aching heart,
If I hadn't joined the damn Reserve,
We'd never had to part.
But we won't cry and we won't squawk,
For we are not alone,
For one of these days the regulars 'll come
And we can all go home.

CHORUS:

Now we don't mind the hardships,
We've faced them down the trail,
But we wonder if our congressmen,
Have had forties up their tail.
We have to fight to save the peace,
That's what the bastards said,
But when you check the casualties,
You'll find no senators dead.

CHORUS:

I'm going to raise a family,
When this war is through,
I hope to have a bouncing boy,
To tell my story to.
But someday when he grows up,
If he joins the Air Reserve,
I'll kick his butt from dawn to dusk,
For that's what he'll deserve.

CHORUS:

LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English taver,
There they decided that, there they decided that,
There they decided that they'd have another flagon.

CHORUS: Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.
O landlord fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry merry be,
For tonight we'll merry merry be,
For tonight we'll merry merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed
quite sober,
Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed
quite sober.
Fades as the lilly fades, fades as the lilly fades.
Fades as the lilly fades, He'll die before October.

CHORUS:

But the man who drinks beer ale, and goes to bed
quite mellow,
But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed
quite mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to
live,
Lives as he ought to live, he'll die a jolly fellow.

CHORUS:

Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell
her mother,
Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell
her mother.
Does a very foolish thing, does a very foolish
thing,
Does a very foolish thing, she'll never get another.

CHORUS:

But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get
another,
But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get
another.
Is a boon to all mankind, is a boon to all mankind,
Is a boon to all mankind, she'll be a fruitful
mother.

CHORUS:

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh I took a trip to London to look around the town,
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down.
I've never seen such darkness: The night was black
as pitch,
When, suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a
witch.

CHORUS: Oh, it was Lilly from Piccadilly,
You know the one I mean, the one I mean.
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey
day.
With Lilly, my blackout queen, da, da, da,
da da.

Mr. I wouldn't tell her name, I couldn't tell her
face, But if I ever meet her, I'll know her any place.
I couldn't tell if she were blonde, or a dark
brunette, But, gosh o' gosh, did she give me a thrill I won't
forget.

CHORUS:

She said to me, "Oh Yankee, boy, are ya lonesome,
are ya blue?" Just step around the corner, I'll show you what
to do. We went up some dark alley: I said, "I love you
kid." She said, "Okay, but first you pay." So I gave
her twenty quid.

CHORUS:

She leaned her back against the wall: I took her
in me arms. She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom
charms. I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my
hat. It was a shame, I should have been a circus acrobat.

CHORUS:

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed.
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice.
Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at
half the price.

CHORUS:

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer,
And when I went on sick call, the Doc said, "It's
quite clear.
You've had some love Commando style, come son, now
don't be shy,
You're not to blame, tell me her name. "So I answered
with a sigh."

CHORUS:

And when my children ask, "Please tell me, daddy
dear." What did you do to win the war?" I'll answer with
a sneer.
"Your daddy was a hero, his best he always fought,
With bravery he gave to the Commandos his support."

CHORUS:

LILLY MARLENE

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait.

She waits for the boy who marched away,
And though he's gone she hears him say,
Oh, promise you'll be true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene.

Underneath the lamppost by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait.

For this is the place a vow was made,
And breezes sing her serenade,
Oh, promise you'll be true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait.

And there in the lamp light it is said,
A halo shines above her head,
Oh, promise you'll be true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene,
Till I return to you,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her
wait.

And as they go marching to the fray,
The soldiers all salute and say,
We'll tell him you've been true,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene,
Till I return to you,
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene,

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea.
She lost her morals, down among the corals,
Gee, but she was nice to me.

Many's the night with the pale moon shining,
Down on her bungalow, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed.

Now you can easily see, she's not my mother,
Because my mother's forty-nine,
And you can easily see she's not my sister,
Cause I wouldn't show my sister such a helluva
good time.

You can easily see she's not my sweetie,
My sweetie's too refined,
She's just a slip of a kid, she didn't know what
she did,
She's just a personal friend of mine.

WORLD'S A MIGHTY FINE PLACE

They say that Misawa's a mighty fine place,
But the organization's a terrible disgrace.

There are colonels and majors and lieutenants too,
With hands in their pockets with nothing to do.

They rant and rave and they moan and they shout,
About things they know practically nothing about.

For the good that they do they might as well be,
Shoveling sand on the Isle of Capri.

MY GAL SAL

They call her frivulous Sal,

A peculair sort of a gal.

With a heart that was mellow,

An all around good fellow.

Was my gal Sal.

Your sorrows, troubles and cares,

She was always willing to share.

A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level,

Was my gal Sal.

NO STYLE AT ALL

They say that ole he ain't got no style,
Got style all the while, got style all the while,
They say that ole he ain't got no style,
Got style all the while, all the while
So drink chuck a lug: So drink chuck a lug.

OLD PUSAN U
(PUSAN UNIVERSITY)

We were roaming around the countryside,
Twas down near Pusan Bay,
We stopped into a local bar
To pass the time away,
I met a girl who said, "Howledo"
She hailed from old Chinju,
I asked her what her school was,
She said "Old Pusan U"

CHORUS: O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
The finest school in all the land,
The University of that's grand,
O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
I hail my alma mater,
O Pusan U.

I enrolled in that great college,
Founded by Kim Pak Su,
"Twas built of honeybuckets,
So they named it O Pusan U."
The smell of it was terrific,
But I struggled through,
So now I lift this glass.
To the school of Pusan U.

I saw a girl most beautiful,
She was a sight to view,
She won a beauty contest,
And was crowned Miss Pusan U.
They spotted her in Hollywood,
Now she's a star there too.
When asked to what she owes her fame.
She says: "O Pusan U."

CHORUS:

ONCE I WAS HAPPY AND HAD A GOOD DEAL
(Flying Trapeze)

Once I was happy and had a good deal,
I flew 80's at Hamilton Field.
They asked for some troopers,
Said brother, you'll do,
So here I sit, at old Teagu.

CHORUS: Kuna Re, Antung and wild, wild Pyongyang,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive
you insane.
Qued 50's and 40's and 100 sorties,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive
you insane.

The Mig is a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a fool who'll give one a chase.
Take warning dear stranger, take warning dear
brother,
There's fire on one end and big guns on the
t'other.

CHORUS:

I'm out on the runway before it is light,
I'm into the air and soon out of sight.
I think of the mission, the long trip ahead,
And I think of Col.----who's still in his bed.

CHORUS:

ONE LITTLE TEENSEY WEENSEY BOMB
(The Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

The B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet,
The B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet,
Yes, the B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet,
But it'll only carry one little teensey,
weensey bomb.

CHORUS: Tons and tons of ammunition,
Tons and tons of ammunition,
Tons and tons of ammunition,
But it'll only carry one little
teensey, weensey bomb.

The B-29's will climb to 30,000 feet,
The B-29's will climb to 30,000 feet,
Yes, the B-29's will climb to 30,000 feet,
But it'll only carry one little teensey,
weensey bomb.

CHORUS:

The B-36's will climb to 40,000 feet,
The B-36's will climb to 40,000 feet,
Yes, the B-36's will climb to 40,000 feet,
But it'll only carry one little teensey,
weensey bomb.

CHORUS:

The F-94 will climb to 50,000 feet,
The F-94 will climb to 50,000 feet,
Yes the F-94 will climb to 50,000 feet,
But it'll always carry one, big, son of a
bitchin bomb.

CHORUS:

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of Ole Fuji,
All covered with snow,
Lies an all weather pilot,
And his faithful R/C.

They took off from Johnny,
One dark stormy night,
Twas on a course of 240,
They went out of sight.

Twas on a course of 240,
They climbed to the west,
GCI lost them,
And you know the rest.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG
(On Top of Old Smoky)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak,
I lost my poor wingman, he never came back.
For flying is pleasure, but crashing is grief,
And a quick-triggered Commy is worse than a thief.
For a thief will just rob you, of all that you
save,
But a quick-triggered Commy, will send you to
your grave.
They'll chase you and kill you, and send up
more lead,
Than ties on a railroad, or MIG's overhead.
There's not one MIG in a thousand, that 84 will
trust.

Now come all you pilots and listen to me,
Never fly north of Sinanju, or old Kunuri.
For the planes they will falter, the pilot will
die.
You'll all be forsaken and never know why.
Now the moral of this story as I've told you before,
Is never join the Air Force or you'll fight every
war.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow,
I lost my jet pilot, for flying to low,
He put on an air show, he did it for me,
At altitude zero, he clockered a tree.
At altitude zero, he made his last pass,
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

O'RILEY'S BAR

T'was a cold winter evning,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Riley was closing the bar,
When he turned 'round and he said
To the lady in red, "Get out you can't stay
where you are."
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the
crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her,
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Air Force men,
And how they come and go.
Fate has taken her beauty,
And life has left its deep scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

I should be happy with what I've got,
I should be happy, but happy I'm not.
I should be happy, I should indeed,
Because I'm highly pedigreed.

Cheer up said the Tom Cat, with a smile,
And trust in your new found friend for a while,
You needn't escape from your back yard fence,
Baby, all you need is experience.

Then the tales of life he then unfurled,
As he told the cat of the outside world,
Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh,
A trip for the two down the primrose path.

Then the morning after the night before,
When the kitten came home at the hour of four.
The innocent look on her face was spent,
And in her eyes was a smile of content.

Then in a few weeks when the kittens came,
To the Persian kitten of pedigreed fame,
Those cats weren't Persian, they were black and
tan.
She told them that their daddy was a traveling
man.
A traveling man, ratchin, scratchin, traveling man.

THE PRISONERS SONG (WINGS of an Angel)

Oh! I wish I had some one to love men,
Someone to call me their own.
Oh! I wish I had someone to live with,
For I'm tired of living alone.

As I lay on my cold prison bed,
With my head on a pillow of stone.
And these cold prison bars all around me,
Never again will I roam.

If I had the wings of an Angel,
Over these prison walls I would fly,
And I'd fly to the arms of my darling,
And there I'd remain till I die.

Oh! I have a grand ship on the ocean.
All mounted with silver and gold.
And before my poor darling would suffer,
That ship would be anchored and sold.

PUT ON YOUR OLD P-1 BONNET
(Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet)

Put on your old Red bonnet, with the lightning
upon it,
And get off into the blues,
Now we've done our mission, for rotation we're
wishing,
And we'll leave this place to you.

Put on your old Gold bonnet, with the black stripe
upon it,
And we'll start out on our way,
From the skies of Japan, we'll ride clear to
Austin,
On our next rotation-day.

Put on your old White bonnet, with the blue dog
upon it,
And take off from old Honshu,
It's been a rat race, around this damn place,
So long Misawa, peon you,

1. SONG: THE WAR
(The Great Ship Litamic)

Number one was having fun, number two got a few,
Number four got some more so he said.
Oh the river ran red, with blood of the dead,
As we came around and tried to get some more.

CHORUS: The road was full of ruts,
And the ruts were full of guts.
There was crud, there was blood
everywhere,
Little children sucking tits, had them
shot right from their mitts.
As we came around and tried to get
some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children
cried aloud,
But they all carried guns for the foe.
There were some who turned around, when they
heard that awful sound.
As we came around and tried to get some more.

CHORUS:

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in
their prime,
But they got number three don't you see.
Yes they shot him down with flak, and they broke
his bloody back,
As we came around and tried to get some more.

CHORUS:

Number one was having fun, number two got a few,
Number four got some more so he said,
Oh the river ran red, with the blood of the dead,
As we came around and tried to get some more.

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right,
A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every nite.
I eat porter house steak three times a day from my board,
More than any ordinary gal can afford.
I got a big electric fan to keep me cool when I sleep,
A big handsome man to play around at my feet.
I'm just a ramblin' woman, a gamblin' woman,
drunk every nite,
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.
A thief and a gambler and I drunk everynite.
I've got hips that sunk the ships of England,
France, and Peru,
And if you're like Napoleon, it's your Waterloo.
I'll take fifteen minutes intermission in a Ford V-8,
I'd like to make it longer, but I've got a late date.
My motto is "Sin be gone with wind", so let's be breezy tonight,
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

RYE WHISKEY

If the ocean were whiskey, and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.
It's a whiskey rye whiskey, whiskey I cry,
If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.
It's a whiskey rye whiskey, whiskey I cry,
If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die.
But the ocean ain't whiskey, and I ain't a duck,
So I'll just play Jack O-Diamonds, and trust to my luck.
It's rye whiskey, rye whiskey I know you from old,
You rob my poor pockets of silver and gold.

SAM HALL
(The Origin of Sammy Small)

Oh, my name it is Sam Hall, it is Sam Hall;
Yes, my name it is Sam Hall, it is Sam Hall;
Yes, my name it is Sam Hall, and I hate you one
and all,
Yess, I hate you one and all, God damn your eyes.

Oh, I killed a man, they say, so they say;
Yes, I killed a man, they say, so they say;
I beat him on the head, and I left him there for
dead,
Yes, I left him there for dead, God damn his eyes.

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come;
Yes, the parson he did come, he did come;
And he looked so bloody glum, as he talked of
Kingdom come,
He can kiss my ruddy bum, God damn his eyes.

And the sheriff he came too, he came too;
Yes, the sheriff he came too, he came too;
Yes, the sheriff he came too, with his men all
dressed in blue,
Lord, they were a bloody crew, God damn their eyes.

Now up the rope I go, up I go;
Yes, up the rope I go, up I go;
And those bastards down below, they'll say, "Sam
we told you so,"
They'll say, "Sam, we told you so." God damn their
eyes.

I saw Nellie dressed in blue, dressed in blue;
I saw Nellie in the crowd, all dressed in blue;
Says my Nellie, dressed in blue, "Your trifling days
are through.
Now I know that you'll be true, God damn your eyes."

And now in heaven I dwell, in heaven I dwell;
Yes, now in heaven I dwell, in heaven I dwell;
Yes, now in heaven I dwell--Holy Christ; It is a
sell,
All the whores are down in hell, God damn their eyes.

THE A-7 IN THE CHICAGO AIR

1. Now I was in the gutter
With pretzels in my beer,
With pretzels in my whiskey,
I knew the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air
Force,
To save me from the worst.
Everybody bust a gut,
And sing the second verse.

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass,
And you'll be served.

3. I started on my 'takeoff,
I thought the flaps were down,
But when I pulled the gear up,
The dive brake scraped the
ground.
The general he smiled,
He thought it was great fun,
Then I faced Col. Blakeslee,
Chitose here I come.

CHORUS:

5. I flew my traffic pattern
To me it looked alright.
I made my final turn,
My God, I racked it tight,
The engine coughed and
sputtered,
And then began to weave,
Mayday, mayday, mayday,
Spin instructions, please.

CHORUS:

2. I headed down the runway,
I headed for a ditch,
I looked down at my prop,
My God, it's in high ditch.
I pulled back on the stick,
I rose up in the air,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
How did I get there.

4. I went into a loop,
I thought I was clear,
I came up under-----,
I thought the end was near.
I went before the board,
They gave me the works.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
What a bunch of jerks

CHORUS:

6. The boys up from Misawa,
Think they are so hot,
They brag about the Redtails,
That they've often shot,
One thing they don't
remember,
When ever they holler and
hoot,
Is to look into their mirror,
Just before they shoot.

SEOUL CITY SUE
(Seoul City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down,
Till I reached old Bon Chong way.
And there I met a Gook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too.
I'd swap my honey bart for you,
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchis,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit,
I owe a lot to you,
I came here from America,
To find Seoul City Sue.
Someday I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too.
So people can't be signing,
Here comes Seoul City Sue."

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The captain he rides in a motorboat - a motorboat,
The admiral he rides in a gig.

It don't go a Goddam bit faster - bit faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

CHORUS: Sing toorool I oorool I oorool I ay,
Sing toorool I oorool I ay,
It don't go a Goddam bit faster, bit
faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

Now the sexual life of a camel, a camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks.
In moments of amorous passion, of passion,
He tried to make love to the sphinx.

CHORUS:

Now the Sphinx's posterior orifice, orifice,
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel, the
camel,
And the Sphinx's unscrutable smile.

CHORUS:

The Colonel flies an F-80 , F-80
The General an F-94,
It don't go a Goddam bit faster, bit faster,
The old bastard just likes the big roar.

CHORUS:

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again,
Of the things that I've done and the places I've
been.

Some of the things that have bothered my mind,
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind.

CHORUS: Singing so long, its been good to know
you,

So long, its been good to know you,
So long, its been good to know you,
What a long time since I've been home,
And I've got to be drifting along.

This story begins when we gather to brief,
We listened to the words of our red-headed chief.
He said, "Listen here men and I'll give you the
score,
About what is 'the way with the F-84.'"

CHORUS:

We turned on the runway and started to roll,
I gave it the throttle and poured on the coal.
The JATO was heavy, my God it was thick,
So I went on the gages and yanked on the stick.

CHORUS:

We flew up to Sinanju and dodged all the flak,
I called my leader, "Oh please take me back,
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds."
But instead of turning he uttered these words.

CHORUS:

and we had to fight for the plane I wanted to go down,
we broke to the right with the flak on our tails.
We rendezvous'd high with the MIG's in the sun,
And I thought to myself we should give her the
gun.

CHORUS:

When we circled to join up it was a great race,
The MIG'S would soon be there and give us a chase.
Number four-mans' five hundreds were still tightly
hung,
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done.

CHORUS:

I called my leader, "I'm way low on fuel,
If you'll turn around quick I can get back to
Seoul."
Just then he shouted, "There's MIG's on the lead
So we'll break to the left and get up some speed."

CHORUS:

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a great jar,
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar.
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out,
And over the PI I started to shout.

Buddies, So long, it's been good to know you,
So lon, its been good to know you,
So long, its been good to know you,
But there's not much that I can say,
For it looks like I've auggered today.

THE APPALACHIAN SONG

Oh me oh my oh you,
I don't know what to do.
Halahlejan, it surely is peculiar,
I'd give a lot of dough,
If I could really know,
The answer to this question is it yes or is it no.

CHORUS: Does the spearmint lose it's flavor on
on the bedpost overnight?
If you put it on the left side will you
find it on the right?
Can't you see I'm going crazy,
Won't somebody set me right.
Does the spearmint lose it's flavor on
the bedpost overnight?

The Nation rose as one,
And sent its favorite son.
To the Whitehouse, the nations mighty lighthouse,
He said that he'd been sent,
To ask the president,
The burning question that involved the entire
continent.

CHORUS:
Here comes the blushing bride,
The bridegroom at her side.
To the altar as steady as Gibraltar,
The bridegroom has a ring,
It's such a pretty thing,
He puts the ring upon her finger and the choir
begins to sing.

CHORUS:

JOSEPH W. HILL

Oh, the game was played on Sunday,
In heaven's own backyard.
With Jesus playing fullback,
And Moses playing guard.
The angels in the bleachers,
Oh, my how they did yell,
When Jesus scored a touchdown,
Against the boys from hell.

Oh, Stay with God,
Oh, Stay with God,
Jesus on the ten yard line,
Doing mighty Goddamn fine.
Stay with God,
Stay with God,
Yokum, pokum, Jesus soakum,
Stay with God. Amen.

STRIP ALERT
(Lucky Old Sun)

Up before morning, out on the line,
Waiting for MIG's on their way.
While that lucky old man,
Got nothing to do but lay in his sack until day.

Now comes the dawn, darkness is thru,
God only knows what's ahead,
While that lucky old man,
Got nothing to do but sleepily get out of bed.

All day long we wait for a scramble,
Get them in the skies.
Some goof off while others gamble,
Break out that pair of dice.

Old CO gives up, we're still here,
This alert leaves us no time for sin.
While that lucky old man got nothing to do,
But sit at the bar and drink gin.

Up in the morning, down on the line,
Into the murk and the fog.
While that lucky CO has nothing to do,
But sit around didling the dog.

THE THING

As I was standing on the wing,
Of a brand new 94.
Up there stepped a reckless chap,
I'd never seen before.
I pointed to the RO's seat,
He looked at me with fright.

CHORUS: Oh, I'll never take off in that son of
a bitch,
This dark and stormy night.
Oh, I'll never take off in that son of
a bitch,
This dark and stormy night.

The crew chief hit him o'er the head,
And strapped him in the seat.
And when he awoke he found himself,
All strapped in nice and neat,
We taxied out to the hot runway,
When end was not in sight.
These are the words he said to me
As we arced off into the night.

CHORUS:

TIPTANKS AND TAIPIPES
(Bless Them All)

Bless em all, bless em all,
Bless the tiptanks and tailpipes and all.
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet.
Cause he tried to go over the wall,
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off,
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Thru the wall, thru the wall,
That bloody invisible wall.
That transonic journey is nothing but rough,
As bad as a ride on the local base bus,
So I'm staying away from the wall,
Subsonic for me and that's all,
If your hot you might make it,
But you'll probably break it.
Your butt or your neck not the wall.

TOAST TO AN AIRMAN

We look in the purple twilight.
We spin the silvery dawn.
With black smoke trailing behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.
So stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
We'll drink to those of us living,
And hurrah for the next man to die.

TUMBLING GYROSCOPES
(Tumbling Tumbleweeds)

See them tooling along,
Engines singing their song,
Here in the sky I belong.
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

Oh! I know when night is done, that we'll be home
by dawn.
We've been drifting around, the Reds have heard
our song.
Here in the sky we belong,
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

See them thundering down,
Close to the ground they'll be found.
Strafing till their last round,
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope.

THE TWENTY SEVENTH LAMENT

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim.
Till she met that southern gentleman,
Leo Daniel.

And she had a child by him.

No he's in the legislature,
Making laws for all mankind.
While she walks the streets of
Austin, Austin, Texas.
Selling chunks of her behind.

It's the rich who get the gravy,
And the poor who get the blame,
It's the same the whole world over, under over,
Isn't that a Goddamn shame.

UNDERNEATH THE BAMBOO TREE

I'll build a bungalow big enough for two,
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two.
And when we're married, happy we'll be,
Under the bamboo, under the bamboo tree.

That's where my money goes, to buy my baby clothes,
I buy her everything to keep her in style.
And in my future life, she's gonna be my wife,
How'n the hell d'ya get that way, she told me
so.

Someone's been loving you, I know you ain't been
true,
Taint intuition honey sent from heaven above.
That last kiss was a winner honey,
Too good for a beginner honey,
Someone's been givin' you lessons in love.

WE'RE HERE FOR FUN (Auld Lang Syne)

We're here for fun right from the start
So drop your dignity,
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.
May all your troubles be forgot,
Let this night be the best.
Join in the songs we sing tonight,
Be happy with the rest.

WHEN ICE IS ON THE RICE
(On the Nippon Far Away)

When the ice is on the rice in O'Misawa,
And the saki in the cellar starts to freeze.
Then I'll speak "Doso" to my little darling,
As I cuddle to my S'Koshi Nipponese.

When the ice is on the in Furamaki,
I'll get taksan dingy-dingy, hit the sack.
And I'll stagger from her bed back to the
barracks,
Singin' Sayanora, chesei baby, I'll be back.

When the ice is on the rice up on Hokkaido,
And the Ainu's in their huts hibernate.
I'll say gomenasie to local josans,
And huddle with my Fura-maki mate.

When the ice is on the rice in Asamuchi,
And the water in the hot baths starts to steam.
I'll say Arigato as she jumps in beside me,
And helps to fill my Japanese dream.

When the ice is on the rice in Urmagawa,
And the saki in the cellars starts to freeze.
I don't want to go back to sunny California,
I just want to stay here with my Nipponese.

FRANNIE AND JOHNNIE
(Frannie and Johnnie)

I was standing on the corner,
Just as she happened to pass.
I took a look at her lovely hair,
And a good look at her
As she walked along, as she walked along.

I followed her around the corner,
I followed this lovely lass.
I admired her streamlined figure,
But most of all I admire her
As she walked along, as she walked along.

Then we got into a taxi,
Naturally I got in last.
As she stepped into the taxi,
I tried to pat her on her
As she stepped inside, as she stepped inside,

Then we went to a night club,
My heart beat quick and fast.
She was thinking of dinner,
But I was thinking of her
As I held her hand, as I held her hand.

Then we went to her apartment,
An apartment with plenty of class.
She let out an awful scream,
She thought I was going to kiss her
As she turned away, as she turned away.

Up came the house detective,
He said "I will save you young lass"
He shoved her through the doorway,
And he tried to kick her
As she ran down the stairs, as she ran down the
stairs.

My story has no morals,
My story has no class,
If you don't like my story,
You can shove it up your
Ass you walk along, as you walk along.

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER
(When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver)

When your leaves have turned to silver,
Will you love us just the same.
Oh we'll always call you-----
Isn't that a bloody shame?
To the days at dear old-----
Only now we have to wail.
When your leaves have turned to silver,
You can shove them up your tail.

WOULD YOU?

If in this area there were but you,
And you were sure nobody knew,
Would you?
And if the sky was good and black,
And you could drop without the flak,
Would you?
And on this road were armored cars,
And you could stay up and strafe the stars,
Would you?
And then when over and you debrief,
Weave tales of valor beyond belief,
Would you?

Hell! Who Wouldn't?

A YOUNG AVIATOR
(My Bonnie)

A young aviator lay dying,
At the end of a bright summer day.
His comrades gathered around him,
To carry the fragments away.

He spit out a valve and a gasket,
As he stirred in the dump where he lay.
And to his wondering comrades,
These brave dying words he did say.

Take the cotter pin out of my kidney,
Take the con-rods out of my brain.
Take the crankshaft out of my liver,
And assemble the engine again.

Stand by your glasses steady,
For the world is a world of lies,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
Hooray for the next man to die.

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside a Grimes waterfall,
One bright and sunny day.
Beside his shattered 94,
The young night fighter lay.
His R/O hung from a nearby limb,
He wasn't quite dead.
Now listen to the very last words,
The young night fighter said.
"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles,
Play poker every night.
You never do a lick of work,
Just sit around and sing.
And, all the crews are women,
Oh death where is thy sting.

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,
Oh, death where is thy sting.
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling,
For you, but not for me.

DRURY LANE AND THE PILOT
(Part Second of Drury Lane)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Drury Lane,
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was
the same.

Along came a pilot, handsomest as could be,
And he was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS: Singing Zootsuits and parachutes and
uniforms of blue,
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy
used to do.

She like a silly girl, thinking it no harm,
Climbed in beside him just to keep the pilot warm,
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maiden
head.

CHORUS:

Now in the morning before the break of day,
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her
did say.

Take this my darling for all the harm I've done,
For you may have a daughter or you may have a son.
And if you have a daughter put ribbons in her hair,
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air.

CHORUS:

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee.
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

CHORUS:

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I galloped out in the streets of Dodge,
As I galloped out in Dodge last night,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay,

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"
These words he did say as I slowly rode by,
"Come sit down beside me, and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I'm going to die."

"It was once in the saddle I used to go a dashing
Once in the saddle I used to be gay,
First down to Rosies
Then down to the card-house
I'm shot in the breast and I'm dyin' today."

"Get sixteen gamblers to carry my coffin,
Six pretty maidens to sing me a song.
Get buckets of roses to spread by my graveside,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Oh beat the drum slowly,
O play the fife lowly,
Play the death march as they carry me away,
Take me down to the valley,
And lay the o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done
wrong."